

It was an accident, I'm sorry!

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It was an accident, I'm sorry!

by Anonymous

Summary

Dream learns that George is physically affectionate when he moved in with his two friends. And Sapnap can't get enough of the new things between the three of them.

Notes

I'm too embarrassed to post this on mine.

Anyways, If Dream, George or Sapnap mentions they are uncomfortable with being shipped, I'd gladly take this down.

Kisses

Chapter Summary

Kisses makes misunderstandings and affection

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Author's POV

George is more of a physically affectionate person. Giving some random hugs and twirling his fingers all over people's hair. It results in him clinging onto his friends and mostly fiddling with his own fingers or shirt. He mostly hides this to most people, only revealing the fact if he's completely close to each other.

Mainly, Sapnap had to deal with George playing with his hand or tugging on the strands of his hair. It was a weird routine where Sapnap had to pet the smaller's head down, just to give the feeling back. And sometimes Sapnap had to put up with his clingy touch. It isn't that bad though. George knew and kept other boundaries in check and never tried crossing them without permission. Not that he had a lot of boundaries to begin with.

When Dream mentioned he'd want to move out soon, Sapnap jumped to make room for the other male. He also made sure to make George's habits a surprise. It didn't make sense to George as he remembered referring to his habits once in a while.

The first thing Dream did when he visited his two friends is to drop himself on their small couch, barely fitting his height. He didn't bother moving the few extra stuff he brought with him to his room. "I'm tired and hungry."

"You should have eaten breakfast or something." The youngest male had to drag Dream's bags out of the door entrance. He didn't mind having to do it himself as George wasn't a big help with his twig arms. "I haven't gotten groceries yet! George's too lazy!"

"I'm not lazy!" George dropped one of Dream's luggage on to Sapnap's foot by accident. He immediately dropped down to massage the injured foot and as fast as he did so, his more playful tone returned to his voice. "If I'm lazy, what do you call someone making his roommate set their stream on, while they get food?"

"A normal person?" Sapnap gasped dramatically as soon as he got both bags underneath his arms, leaving George by the door. "At least I work out. Can't even lift a bag without my help."

"A normal person takes almost half an hour to make toast?" George hissed, pulling onto his shirt. "- And why strike me with that? Aren't you my best friend?"

"A best friend would give me some food right now." Dream interrupted their small banter, muffling through the cushions. Without lifting his head, he pointed at Sap who disappeared to Dream's room. "It's almost noon too."

"Yeah, sure. I'll go get groceries. Sappnap's too lazy to get them this week."

"No, you shut up and let me get the groceries." The youngest male had trot over to George, pushing him to one of the free seats beside Dream. He stole the car keys from the oldest's hands then walked out. "Go and snuggle or something."

"You're taller than last time." George's voice travelled off, poking Dream's arm. The taller male had sat up earlier just talking to George when he suddenly squeezes his hand.

"Your just shorter." The taller snorted, already forgetting about the past conversation.

Dream moved his arm to pet the lovely locks of the brunette who still clung onto his hand. It was adorable when George tries to urge his arm to fondle the trims of his hair, guiding his strokes across his head. It's like having a human cat. Too bad he had to leave Patches with his mom for the meantime.

He curled a finger over some of his strands, catching some tied curls. Even if George's hair was fluffy, they were more tangled than it should be.

"Dream don't-" George winced, gripping tightly around his hand. He easily removed the tangles around Dream's finger then shoved his hand back into his hair. The blonde started to caress some parts of his head, making the smaller purr and sometimes squeak on certain parts.

"Is it that good?" Dream grinned with interest.

The smaller had to kneel on the couch just so he could reach the other's head. George dug his hands into Dream's dark-tinted golden curls ever so lightly. They were awfully stubborn to keep straight, slippery at his touch. The smaller could only stare with such fondness. Again like a cat finding a new toy to play with, Dream thought.

"Soft, " George muttered underneath his breath. Even if his attention's on brushing his hair, George still gave reactions to Dream's hand curling around his hair.

Honestly, he doesn't mind that the other loved this kind of affection. It was relaxing. Particularly the way George stroked his head back. His touch was gentle and worked its way to relieve stress. Working delicately and admiring each strand. Unlike how George practically forced him to deepen his streaks across his head.

Soon George's hand travelled down to cup the taller's cheeks. Dream admits he really liked the way George pet his hair. As if a child, the brunette stared all over the other's face. He traced his thumb over Dream's small freckles, pressing smoothly across every smaller one. It truly embarrassed the younger one to have to stare at his friend's eyes who didn't seem all too bothered, only staring back in interest.

"I forgot you can't touch freckles."

Dream wheezed through George's hands. "You forgot? George, it's skin, not acne."

"Shut up." As he expected, the smaller squeezed his cheeks tighter.

What Dream didn't expect George to lean in to peck his lips. Especially when George suddenly throws his head back, pushing Dream farther from him, with a much-embarrassed look than Dream had.

"OH MY GOD- I'm *so* sorry! I didn't mean-" George waved his hands in front of his face, stuttering over his words. "I didn't *mean* that!- It was supposed to be on the *cheeks*- That's a weird excuse- Uhm- I'M *SO* SORRY-"

Dream coughed up a blush crawling up his cheeks. "No no no- It's fine! It's an accident, right? I'm sorry."

"You don't have to say sorry! I'm the one who's sorry!"

"Sorry, "

"YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN!"

"Uhm, " Dream shut his mouth before he apologised again. He didn't really know what to do right now. Sure, he heard of platonic kissing somewhere, but he never actually knew it'll happen in real life. And the fact that it didn't faze Dream so much confused him. He wasn't as touchy as George, but he did like the sentiment. Not that he'd want to make out with his best friend. Maybe? He wasn't so sure. George's lips were preciously soft. His thoughts were getting away from the topic.

"I- oh gosh." Seemed as if George was mumbling through his breath as Dream lost himself in thought. "Really, I'm *so* sorry! I didn't mean it."

Instincts immediately kicked in, left to handle the situation. Dream moved George's hands away, copying what the smaller did earlier. He cupped George's small face and quickly gave a peck on his lips again.

"Sorry!-" Dream shoved himself back at the other end of the couch. As if they assumed their blushes couldn't get wilder, they actually did.

The door opened to Sapnap, seeing Dream pecking the smaller's lip, already having fuming blushes across their faces. He gently placed their lunch on the ground, skipping between both of his friends.

"Sap?" The youngest male pecked George's lip then Dream's, before turning away. George's reddish face fazed down to smaller pink tints. Sapnap was more familiar with George's random kisses.

"Didn't think this would happen so early."

"Again?" Dream shoved his face down one of the pillow cushions, bursting into laughter.

"In this house, it's normal to kiss the homies."

"You should have told me-" Dream glared at the youngest with a smile. "I didn't expect making out is normal with you two."

"DREAM NO! I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN IT!" George hissed, but now more relaxed. Okay, maybe he did mean it by a bit.

Chapter End Notes

I kissed a friend by accident. I was trying to get a good look on her face and I was supposed to kiss her cheek. I freaking missed and kissed her. She didn't know what to

do when I panicked so she kissed me again. She kissed me later on when she left my house.

Now I can say platonic kissing is real!

What a day.

Actually, it's not platonic kissing.

Uh, I have a girlfriend now

Ok, update done

Pet names

Chapter Summary

Pet names makes boyfriends

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Author's POV

Now with the three of them in one roof, they can say they've pretty much took on a few new things. Other than being more physical, they've been more affectionate.

But before there were three, it was just Sapnap and George. Just the two of them. It started with a much dazed morning which nobody is quite awake, getting ready for an early breakfast. Sapnap had just woken up late when the older brunette had finished everything to do. The younger was still as exhausted from the other night, eyes half-open hair was clumsily thrown back and clothes sagged from haven't yet showered.

"Good morning, sweetheart." He greeted sleepily, he barely had a second thought on what he just said.

George had jumped awake once more, confused yet felt exceedingly joyful. It felt intimate, which is ironic since they do something you'd consider even more personal. Sort of endearing, yet the older can't help but burst out with laughter.

Sapnap realised the small oversight after hearing his laughter. Backtracking to what he'd just said, he just couldn't help but giggle then laugh along.

"—I didn't mean that I'm sorry!"

"No, no no! It's alright, it's sweet... *Honey*."

Again, bursting out laughing.

And all through that day, it became their small game. 'How many stupid -yet stupidly sweet- pet names can you slip into a conversation?'

That day when George was helping Sapnap set up his stream, he'd pull a small grin. And before anyone of the thousands of people watching could hear, the older would whisper "Do your best, *love*." with a quick hug and kiss. To say, the younger couldn't even reply.

One time when Sapnap would poke fun at George while he was cooking, making the eggs go a bit burnt. And to excuse himself from the scolding session, he'd sing in a sweet tone "Sorry, *my sweetie pie*!". He did get away with it, but he had to eat the burnt eggs.

And so it continued to the next day. And the next week. Sweet nothings and nicknames flying back and forth until it became all too normal for the two like they'd been doing it since forever. Little remarks of '*Sweetie*, could you pass-' and 'Thank you, *pumpkin*.' filled their little domestic

conversations. Their game long forgotten, but loved the sentiment each time they used those names. In the end, they silently agreed it was really awesome to have these compliments all the time.

And then Dream moved in with them.

At first, Dream was never that sure of what his friends did other than hug and kiss a lot. Not that he wasn't allowed to ask, it's just better to know by himself. Sapnap had already known his boundaries, but George has repeatedly asked if their display of affection was okay after that incident.

Truly, Dream was upset at how he knew little about this and how George couldn't seem to tense down about the subject. He noticed how nervous the oldest about it even after a few reassurances. Maybe it wasn't just trust, but shame that overwhelms the brunette.

For a while, they stopped using the nicknames. George first stopped the nicknames, calling out Sapnap by name, even before the blonde had arrived. The oldest was still up on guard about it and didn't want Dream to be overwhelmed too soon. That backfired from the small kiss a few days ago, but George doesn't want to talk about his embarrassment.

As normal, Sapnap was the one to reveal this.

It was late in the afternoon, the three were all curled up watching one of those cliché rom-com movies. George sat over Sapnap's lap, who didn't have a problem with watching the show while leaning onto Dream that had his arm around the two. Least to say, there was a lot of space left on the couch, though, nobody wanted to occupy it.

Other than the occasional comments on plot holes and small giggles on a special effect, or the rustling of the three grabbing handful of popcorn from the bowl Dream held.

"Pass the popcorn, gorgeous. I've barely had any." Sapnap hummed, before completely blanking or intentionally did so.

Oh god, he'd said that out loud. Realizing he just did so, the younger grinned.

Dream just went to a light shade of pink and red. Sapnap was impressed he didn't choke all the way through with a mouthful of popcorn. George on the other hand flinched, feeling the smirk on his skin. He remained quiet as the movie was paused and having the popcorn down farther from them.

"*Wh-what* did you just call me?" Dream laughed with his trademark wheeze, that Sapnap swore made them both melt.

The game was back on. Or at least the routine. Only this time, it was even more head-on. Bolder than just the two of them. It wasn't even subtle anymore; it was full-on screaming nicknames and Sapnap himself was very sure that the neighbours would pick up on the lively tone. Maybe even call for them to shut up if they even bothered.

George wondered what it sounded like to anyone wandering by outside; three voices, distinctly male, in the afternoon, yelling cherishing names at each other. Once he realised it probably sounded a bit weird, he cracked up as the other two hushed their screams, turning to him with a questioning look. After the small quick realization, both were overcome with quite the embarrassment -just like George- at the realisation.

Until Dream grinned, and George got a horrible, sinking feeling that he was about to say something awful. And the blonde didn't.

"Then I won't yell! I'm going to my room and edit some stuff." Dream said with a goofy grin, standing up and kissing both of their foreheads. "See you, *my baby boys*. How about I order some pizza for dinner, just for *my precious* and adorable sweethearts."

Both just erupted in laughter once again, now not caring about the world outside.

The names continued and continued. Eventually, they barely used each other's real names at all. When they did, it was a sign that it was serious and not something to joke about. The three usually settled with 'Shortcake', 'Deary' and 'Panda bear' as their main names, but when others are used, butterflies soon fluttered inside of them. The underlying tension built with every little nickname, each 'Sunshine' and 'Honey' and 'Love', until finally, the dam broke. In the middle of a conversation, Dream blurted it out.

"Uh, George, Sapnap? -I think I'm having a crush on you both."

All was quiet. Dream was on the verge of screaming. Was it too weird? Is it too soon?

George blinked face full of embarrassment, copying Dream's. Sapnap only rolled his eyes then started to giggle sweetly, surprising the two of them.

"Well, duh. *Why* did you think I started the nicknames?" The youngest waved a hand dismissively. "What toppings for the pizzas, boyfriends?"

Chapter End Notes

I like this chapter very much other than the first one-
Anyways, ofc we didn't became girlfriends that quick and kinda dated over the past months. We just made it official last week! I'm so happy so I made another chapter, now with help from her! <3
Hope everyone likes this! And thanks for the comments and kudos! I appreciate everything

Ooooh! Forgot to mention! Don't forget to kiss the homies this new year!

Goodnight

Chapter Summary

Sapnap is awake when George and Dream falls asleep in his bed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yeah, they all got together. And the only problem left was their rooms.

Sapnap didn't even bother to wrap himself in the blankets and dropped on his bed. He wasn't that tired, since he did had less work to do that day yet made him drowsy; a sharp irony that usually happens ever since there were three in the house. He soon finds his room quite cold, from the night with only having his shirt blocking him from the chilly breeze. It's too late to regret not being under his blankets or even to close his windows as the last bits of his consciousness slipped pass.

Maybe it was around a few minutes of tugging when Sapnap felt himself awake. His room was dark and was probably just around midnight. When his eyes adjusted to the dark, the eldest's silhouette was clear, gently tugging on the blanket he's sleeping on.

George has always slept either late at night or noon; though I guess today's is late. He'd usually climb in his bed, having him wake up to the brunette cosying near him. Most of the time, he'd find George on his bed in the morning, soon to be woken up near noon or so. And these are the few times he's awake to see him in action.

The youngest groaned a bit and rolled to his side which George squeaked at, though was thankful. It's best if he didn't know he accidentally woke him, they'd be sleeping in the end anyways. He didn't want to break the silence of the night, especially when it's with George. The time when he did, the brunette scoffed with a remark then dropped on the bed like it's his. He was polite, yet in a cheeky manner whenever someone's not looking.

Breathing deep, that can easily be heard as a snore, Sapnap remained still. The brunette continued to pull the blanket out then ever so slightly sit by the edge of the bed. Sapnap almost chuckled at how delicately George tried to move just to keep him asleep while in the morning, he'd sit on his lap or hug him out of the blue.

The blanket was thrown out then landed on both of them, missing Sapnap's feet. It was quite the feeling of new warmth spread across him with his feet itching for comfort. George slipped himself down, now laying side by side with him. Fortunately, he also noted how he missed his throw and tried to stretch the blanket with his foot, trying to reach the end and kicking it forward.

Sapnap drew a breath, as this lasted for a good minute. Even if George was being this kind, and also trying not to move the bed for him to sleep, his moves were driving him to wake up. He pretended to itch his feet together, catching the blanket, finishing the work. With a thought, he stretched his arm, still pretending to be fast asleep as he pulled George close to his chest. The

smaller gasped, almost sure the other was awake before Sapnap had loosened his grip.

He could still feel George wiggling beside him, going still when he had his hands near his chest.

"Sorry." Sapnap felt a sweet sensation of soft lips brush his neck to his jaw. "Good night, Sap." He yawned, after his whispers then snuggling close.

Sapnap didn't care if George thought he was awake anymore; burying his face in the older's hair, curling closer.

It was way too early in the morning for Sapnap to suddenly wake up again. He was fairly ready to coo George to sleep if he ever whimpered from a nightmare, but it was actually Dream's fault on why he's up. The tallest closed the door to his room, dragging himself step by step to his bed. Shoulders were draped and even if his shirt was mostly fit, still seemed sagging by the edges. He didn't even look like he was barely awake; moving as if he was sleepwalking.

He hears Dream mutter, pulling the extra shreds of the blanket then slipping in by the edge. Sapnap was thankful the blond didn't notice when he had pulled George to his side, secretly making more room for him.

Dream's arm went around the both of them, now straightening up Sapnap's position. His hold was stiff, as his hand was stretched, but soon found its way to Sapnap's nape, with his elbow cuddled by George's neck.

For a moment, the bed shifted with a bit of weight. There was another brush of chapped yet just as soft lips by his forehead. When Sapnap took a peak, Dream had also planted a peck on the eldest; now curling onto the both of them, eyes closed.

George murmured, shifting in his sleep. In instinct, the youngest trailed his hand up to his nape, brushing through strands of his hair. The blonde has also nuzzled near with the oldest stirring around to face the ceiling, yet still clung onto Sapnap's shirt.

With barely any conscience left, Dream managed to let a few rubs around Sapnap's hair. Face buried in the oldest's mess of a hair as he pulled them close.

It was sweet and warm. His face was flushed cold, but still warm. And he, himself now hushed to the darkness, he smiled drifting back to sleep.

They did get a bigger bed in one room in just a few weeks.

Chapter End Notes

Just something my girlfriend wrote for me and I loved it so much- I would have drawn something, but I've been busy with school
And you can see her clear love for Sapnap-

Also, Happy Valentine's and thanks for all the support!! We're both thankful and just so happy seeing you guys enjoying something we madee!

Tysm (^-^)/ ♡

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!